



Galaxies Gathering

25 June 2017

Service by Pete Cowley &
Fergus Collinson



Welcome:

Leader: Now that we have greeted each other and shared a meal we are reminded that God the free Spirit shares itself with us, thus we can share our peace and love with one another.

All: We open our hearts to the mystery of God's love in all things. We carry in us the divine spark, the gift of love and care for others which deepens us as people, deepens us as sisters and brothers of the ever changing creation.

The Gathering

Leader Haere mai
We come to this place of kindness and welcome
We come to worship God, however you conceive
We come to welcome God with our prayers and songs
We come to think of people who have died
and who shine like stars around us.
We come to thank our lucky stars for warm homes,
for hearty food and clean water

People: We come to share the
starlight of love.

Our theme tonight:

Our gathering tonight marks the Mid-Owinter Solstice and celebrates Matariki - the Maori New Year.

Matariki indicates lengthening days, a time to plant for the spring harvest, respect for the earth and our biosphere.

It is also a time for celebration of culture, language, spirit and people past and present.

In the Māori language Matariki is both the name of the Pleiades star cluster and also of the season of its first rising in late May or early June - taken as the beginning of the new year.



Call to contemplation

Leader: In the time of darkness, light emerges:

People: Light to guide us on.

(a candle is lit)

Leader: In the heart of a southern winter

People: We celebrate the turning of the earth.

(a candle is lit)

Leader: In the calendar's mid year

People: We celebrate the new year, Matariki.

(a candle is lit)

Leader: God, you dance in the stars promising Spring hope and light and love.

People: We join ourselves to the earth in transformation and renewal naming ourselves, our home, in this place.

(a candle is lit)

A Winter affirmation:



Stonehenge, United Kingdom

Leader: We have arrived at the Winter solstice, a few short days ago and we acknowledge friends who warm us - with coffee or a meal, letters from far away, the loan of a new or old and cherished book, a drink after work, e-mail messages, open fires ... and arms ... and hearts.

People: We thank you for friends warming us.

Leader: As the constellation of Matariki reappears during the waning of the June moon we acknowledge the foods brought by Matariki, the hospitality of others and of ourselves. We are

thankful that we can choose to miss breakfast, to work through lunch, to grab a snack, knowing that in a world where many are hungry, we have plenty to eat and to share.

People: We thank our partners in occupation and recreation, we give thanks to those who help provide for our food and drink and shelter.

Leader: As the days shorten and colours fade from earth. We remember those who mourn, and celebrate the lives of those who have died. As the leaves fall and carpet the cool earth, our memories turn scarlet and brown and golden.

People We acknowledge the winter of loss and mourning; and remember those who live on in their influence in our lives.

Leader: In the season of mid winter festivities, as jester and fool we acknowledge the greening force in nature's vegetation and in us. We shout, "Your health" and think of those whose lives are touched by disease, we send thoughts and healing energy to those who are unwell, and send love to soothe and to heal.

People: We give thanks for greening life, for the promise of new life from the depths of Winter, and for our well-being.

Leader: In Winter darkness, when we doubt our doubting and question our lack of faith. We celebrate questioning and uncertainty. For those who are too sure, we wish the gift of unknowing; For those who know they are right, we wish the adventure of uncertainty. For those who are afraid to disbelieve, we wish the risk of asking questions, For those who vacillate, we wish the heart's ease of choosing what not to believe.

People: When Winter chills us and we think with nostalgia of certainty and assurance, We celebrate the fire of our questioning, the passion of our searching, the integrity of our quest.

(Bronwyn White. 1997. Wellington)

Contemporary Reflections:

Matariki Jacq Carter

Matariki turns her face to us once more
it's a wonder she returns
year after year
when so many celebrate the beginning of the year
on the 1st of January with wine and beer

Matariki turns her face to us once more
this year, again, we will remember her
with ritual, hangi, dance, and song
by telling her the names
of all of those who've gone

The Night Sky, by Joy Cowley

Oh God, when I stand under the stars
I am filled with nameless awe
at the immensity of your presence
and I wonder how, in my daily thinking
I can make you so small.

Oh Holy One, the All of existence
How can I claim to know your mind?
How can my tiny words describe the Word
that brought this universe into being?
Could it be that I worship an idol of my
own making?

In your all-pervading presence, you know
The limitations of the human heart.
Have you given us this night sky
this vision of galaxies growing and unfolding
to remind us that we have two gods
one that we make in our image
and the One who made us?

Oh God, I stand under the stars
filled with nameless awe.

Hear what the Spirit is saying to us the Church.
Thanks be to God.

pETRUS aLWAYS IOVES iT WHEN i cOME uP wITH a rIPPING WRITE FOR gALAXIES

I stuff A4 sheets into my bag to
record my shortest day, the longest night
voyage to meet my dentist's bro Mark. Is he
going to be appalled/ challenged by my
messy mouth?

Am I going? Crazy? At bed time last night
all my clocks decide to be... dissonant
bastards. Today I can't find my mobile man
tumbag, then it decides to spew out
all my assorted essential gear...
sweet pix, Your Smoking Can Harm Your
Kids Marlborough Reds, Dear Kristelle.
It's just yesterday you're reading the blurb
Singing Telegram sensual... we're
ready to go to Pataka Gallery for our
uN(a)bASHED joint show. Miraculously



Mrs Raukawa-Tait has made time to open. There's tv crews for a Whats New TV1 profile. ..

I loved it when my dear neighbours Heath and Steve say

"Fergus. Your name was the first one we came up with to run to, if our junior adults feel unsafe. On their way home from school

... . Steevo's at least 3 years old hand gouged lighter.

Thank you Jesus bill fold with specs, keys, my Los Angeles sprawl ear gear. My watch missing, may be able to get a classy decoish one I can't see, going... it needs new batteries - like me! I'm out of time, racing

Will I have another of my terrifying white outs when I get to Khandallah? I missed the unit. The next one gives me seven and a half minutes to find. Khandallah Dental. The info office has 2 ladies in it, and they overload me.

"You're got 3 bus routes to choose from.

"But I don't want 3 different bus routes - I want to ride the unit. I'll have room to swot up Anton's deaf friendly directions

"Oh yes, our printer does go -

Khandallah time at 2 Ganges Street is... is the most relaxed I've been so far. Then in this time and motion over-processed age this is Mark, yarning about the buzz of London living, being invited to classy homes, swarming with barely lit old masters. "But - what I loved was this -

a near black and white Steph and Josh on a Mexico City river street when it rains.

An old Mercedes goes rogue. Ttractor plough towards you.

"I loved setting up his show. How did Bevan and you meet?"

"In early 1974 I was a deaf student , and here outside, above my head is a sign with the magic words, DeBerry, Kirton, Scott - and so, Bevan was my dentist, until I got CFS, and it was thought ripping out metal (they contain mercury) fillings would fix me. It didn't - Initially I thought your E was from him, and -

On a foggy day in London Town framed by the fountain of the pissing serpents, you walk towards me

"Hey Josh*

"Fergus, can't stop, I'm racing to get my astigmatic eye fixed.

" Yes, may see you at Astoria

Mark likes photos. Maybe this is the empowering sales miracle I've needed for a while

* My devout film maker buddy

Reflections by Fergus Collinson)

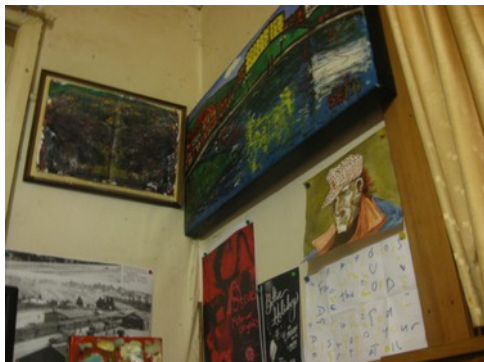
LEMON KIWI FRUIT -

my short term memory is starting to go.

2 What ever it was I was packaging up, its a deeply ritual way of moving on from hurt and negativity.

Noticing my lemon kiwi fruit photo, taping it onto the parcel... worked! Otherwise it would still be glugging up my sub-conscious - as in remembering. Rawly -

dYLAN, sETH eTC,



I totally love my choice of precious pics above my computer - Dylan's gloriously messy dark pix slots me way way back to being wee boys playing in the macrocarpas, at the top of the slope to the creek.. we'd pretend the two trolleys Dad made were the Mornington. Dunedin cable cars, push, and we'd free wheel down.

It flows gloriously into my buddy Seth's gloriously integrated Wellington from the last steps down from Ian Athfield's totemic bridge from Civic Square. He even transforms our soulessly boring Accord Hotel into something - robust. Thank ou Seth.

My friend Ravi at Newtown Books and Golden Kiwi outfit has blown up an old 1930's photo of the Cromwell Express huffing and puffing ready to start its 8 hour journey to Dunedin. I smell rosehips, the magical fix c olds elixer of my childhood... and this train has an ancient 1st class carriage near the back, with an outside corridor where you could max the hit. Tote delovely -

Stteevo's Metaphysics poster. He may have slept in, but I still think this is a wild poster

The last shot Petrus - You're in my kitchen after dark looking thru my oh so bachy, slanting all over the place back porch.. Its got charm. I've never ever felt the need to "fix" it. On your left is Tami Louisson's magnificent rainbow glass panel for the door from my kitchen. I told her the bust glass in the door is a dove swimming, a fish flying. Tami's Mum and Dad somehow escaped the Increasingly hostile Jews are to blame for all society's ills paranoia of Berlin in 1933.

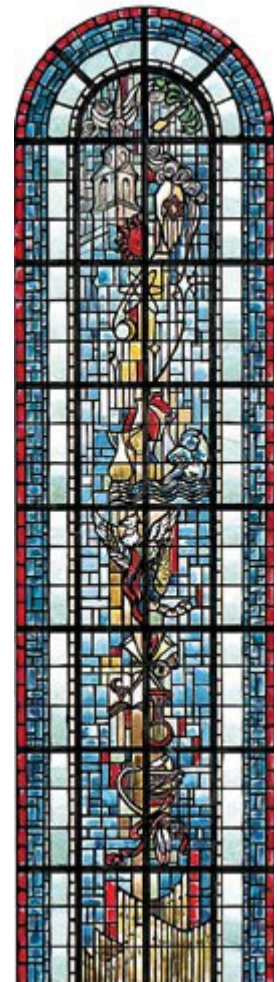


Forgiveness is the final frontier for lots of us. thank you for your amazing write in Dom/Post a couple of weeks ago called Fifty Years Occupying the West Bank Cancerous for Israel. My recent bed time reading tells about settlers chucking all their rubbish down hill. About them having less water than African refugees in camps they're fled to. Also about the unbelievably courageous Palestinian's and Jews who regularly give blood to their "adversaries" "Balancing all this are a couple of queer films detailing the incredible risks Palestinians have sneaking through the boundary fencing into Israeli gay night clubs, Having your throat cut if you're found out!

The blessing by Fionnaigh McKenzie

Leader: As we reach the shortest day of the year
we teeter on the brink of a promise
of hope and light.
The cold winds of Winter
whisper of Spring.
May the beauty of the earth
Fill you with wonder.
May the love of your ancestors
wrap around you like a cloak.
May this new year be bursting with possibilities
unfurling like fern fronds.
May your life be filled with blessings
as numerous as the stars.

People: Amen



The Thanksgiving - Gloria by Joy Cowley

Leader: Glorious are you, Mystery of Life
essence of all creation
You are the symphony of stars and planets.
You are the music of the atoms within us.

You are the dawn on mountain peaks,
the moonlight on evening seas.
Forest and farm, the rush of the city,
everything is embraced in your love.

People: **We rejoice as we speak our gratitude.**

Leader Glorious are you, O Jesus Christ,
Cosmic love in human flesh.
You graced the smallness of time and place
to teach us to dance to the music.
You walk on our seas and heal in our streets.
You make your home in our lives,
revealing that cross and resurrection
are one on the road to freedom.

People: **We rejoice as we speak our gratitude.**

**Glorious are you, O spirit of Truth,
wisdom and breath of our being.
You are the wind that sweeps our senses.
You are the fire that burns in our hearts.
You are the needle of our inner compass,
always pointing to true North,
guiding us on the sacred dance
into the Mystery of Life.
We rejoice as we speak our gratitude.**

Departure

Leader: God of winter, we praise you. God of soaking rains, of hail and snow, wind and storm

People: **Of torrents surging down creek beds, streams filling reservoirs, and tanks full and running over.**

Leader: God of brisk winter mornings, of frosted paddocks under moonlight
of warm socks, coats, and gloves, heaters, radiators, and glowing fires.

People: **God of little children splashing in puddles, sailing make-believe boats in flooded gutters, of raincoats, and umbrellas, and gum-boots, and the scent of hot soup from the kitchen.**

Leader: God of winter, glorious winter, the unpopular, slandered season
yet one filled with renewed hope for farms, town and city.

People: **God of life- sustaining winter, author of recreation and providence
renewing the roots of life. God of glorious winter, blessed is your name in all the
earth.** (Abridged. Bruce D. Prewer, Australia .)